

OCCASIONAL PAPER. No. 26.

Cambridge Mission to Delhi,

IN CONNEXION WITH THE S. P. G.

THE THREE STRONGHOLDS  
OF JÁT-LAND

BY THE

REV. F. C. F. THONGER, B.A.  
OF SELWYN COLLEGE AND THE CAMBRIDGE MISSION.

CAMP DGE:  
PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

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*The weapons of our warfare are not of the flesh, but mighty before God to the casting down of strongholds.*

*Our authority, which the Lord gave for building you up, and not for casting you down. 2 Cor. x. 4, 8.*

## THE THREE STRONGHOLDS OF JÁT-LAND.

I WISH I could write as charmingly about my Arcady here as the gentle Shepherd of Scarning does about his in Norfolk, and had the ability and leisure to describe in an interesting way the people and their history, the folk-lore, manners and customs of the Rohtak district. If adequately dealt with, the subject ought to prove a mine of valuable information, and would throw much light on portions of the history of the peoples of India. But you must not expect anything very connected from one who to a naturally somewhat desultory disposition has added a wandering gipsy life, and is moreover still a freshman in things pertaining to Ját-land, and has much to learn before he can take his master's degree therein<sup>1</sup>.

In times past the district, owing to its proximity to Delhi, has been the scene of many a struggle between the various races that have from time to time controlled the destinies of India: its estates have been fought over and appropriated by Rájputs, Mahrattas, Pathans, Biluches, and European adventurers in turn: famines, floods and pestilences have left their indelible traces upon it: but still, through long generations—for over 1000 years—the sturdy Játs have justified their claim to be the true lords of the soil (zamindárs), which they have cultivated through turbulent times and times of peace, through bad seasons and good alike, till now the greater part of the district is in their hands, and, under the easy sway of the British, they are free to till their lands, and (if it must be confessed) to quarrel over them, to their hearts' content. During the last fifty years, wild beasts have all but disappeared, highway robbery has

<sup>1</sup> While giving in this paper my own personal views and experiences, I should like to refer to the very full and careful accounts of the district and people already written by Carlyon and Haig (*Occasional Papers*, Nos. 11 and 18).

ceased to be regarded as a respectable means of livelihood, much of the remaining jungle-land has been broken up and brought into cultivation, canal irrigation has been greatly extended, and now a railway passes through the district, and Ját-land has become almost as prosaic as our own Fens, and a great deal more prosperous: for agriculture here is no moribund industry, but the villages are, for the most part, flourishing, vigorous, self-sufficing communities of sturdy, independent Játs, able to resist with fair success even such protracted and terrible periods of drought and scarcity as that through which we have just passed.

It is about these Játs that I want chiefly to write, though we must not omit to glance at the villages of Hindu and Mahomedan Rájputs, of Brahmins, Gujers, and Ahirs, each with their characteristic features, nor at the trading and money-lending communities to be found in the towns, nor yet at the wandering blacksmiths and shepherds, or the Chumárs and village 'menials' (hateful term for useful workers), all of whom come within the scope of Christian interest and, if it may be, of loving ministration and care.

If then you are willing to look at these people from a missionary's standpoint, put on a good serviceable suit of 'kháki' (motley's the only wear in Arcady) and accompany me on a tour of inspection to the three strongholds of Ját-land. And, as you are for the time being a missionary, you must not expect a dogcart and relay of ponies, but rather be content to travel sometimes on foot and sometimes in the mission 'carriage and pair.' Do not be alarmed, nor imagine you are to be seated in a fine wagonette and behind a pair of glossy carriage-horses. To set up such a conveyance, with perhaps an elephant or two, would qualify us for election to the headship of the neighbouring monastery of Hindu mendicants, which we will visit later. No! the carriage and pair in question is a good serviceable 'shigram,' a long-shaped cart with a top to it and curtains on all sides, which serves in turn as means of conveyance, bedroom, dining-room or oratory as the need may be, and into which often myself and servant and a native fellow-worker, with cooking vessels, bedding, etc., for a week's tour are stowed away. Most comprehensive cart! Surely even the lady who was horrified at the thought of missionaries living in houses would not object to this. Much less to the noble pair of bullocks that draw it, 'Jeshurun' and his brother, true missionaries both, whom it does not need a Francis of Assisi's warm heart to regard with feelings of real affection—an affection, alas! unreturned, for these missionaries have none of the 'generous human

'spirit' which has recently, at Ely, I think, been urged as necessary in the mission field. They do their work with a somewhat stubborn and surly resolution that leaves no room for gentler feelings and affections. And now, as we have walked some miles and the sun is beginning to get very fierce, let us get inside; we can say our matins, and then read some of the papers that came by last mail, or do a little more solid reading for which few opportunities occur during the week at head-quarters. I hope you don't mind the jolting; it adds variety. There is the tremendous heave up and the violent bang down when we have to cross a watercourse made, in defiance of all regulations, to convey a streamlet of canal-water over the road to that field of cotton or indigo. There are again the varied jogs of a ploughed field where the road has lost itself, or, most invigorating of all, the continued volley of shocks when we go over a Demosthenean road-and-watercourse-combined, which has dried up into a mass of little hummocks, or the excitement of a prospective stick in the mud as we swish, swish, swish through the same, in full flood from the rains or perhaps from a big breach in the canal bank, made by some adventurous Ját, bent on getting<sup>1</sup> water into his field, whether the 'sirkár' will or no.

But at last we have reached our village, and leaving the cart outside, we shoulder our satchels and look for the most likely way in; one seeming entrance will only lead us to a group of mud houses where the village scavengers live, another to the quarter allotted to the weavers, where chickens and<sup>2</sup> pigs are scratching and burrowing about unsavoury heaps of filth; and we want to reach the 'chaupál,' our first stronghold, where we shall find the grave elders sitting and discussing village politics, or one or two fever-stricken cultivators who have not gone out to the fields, or, if we have chosen our time well, nearly the whole adult male<sup>1</sup> population of cultivators will soon be gathered there, and the village Thersites<sup>2</sup> will be heckling us, demanding an explanation of the origin of sin, or the annexation of Burma, or the last fight on the frontier (when the English profess to be such lovers of peace and to hate spoliation), or the reason why justice is not dispensed as it used to be in the good old days, or why the English allow bribery and eat beef. But you who can not follow

<sup>1</sup> Government.

<sup>2</sup> Thersites is not to be found in all villages. Ját-land is still, as in Mutiny times, loyal as a whole, though its rising generation is a little apt to dream of a golden age in the past, which the seniors know well never existed.

Thersites in his alternate attacks on me for the iniquities of the English rule and on the old Christian Rájpút, who is with us, for having deserted the religion of his forefathers and taken up with new-fangled Western ideas, will have been scanning the group of Játs squatted on the ground round the string bedstead on which they have seated us, and mentally comparing a chaupál with its English equivalent, 'The Ten Bells,' or 'George and Dragon' of that little village in Fenland, and unless I am much mistaken your first impressions will be much in favour of the chaupál.

The chaupál is in fact the men's club and meeting place: here they hold village councils, here the wandering faqír (or rather sádhu) puts up for a few days, and, if he is able to read, recites portions of the sacred books, or sets up a little broken image in one of the many niches and does strange worship before it with muttered spells and much ritual of water sprinkled from a sacred shell, or the casual traveller who has come for trading purposes, or for a marriage ceremony, retails a little of the news of the outside world. There sits a group of men who have come from a distant village to take the bride to her husband's home<sup>1</sup>, or some Canal or Revenue official or police inspector is holding a palaver with the headmen of this and adjacent villages. Here all the scandal of the village and district is discussed—not by the women, who are never seen in the chaupál—but by the men, and here the soldier on leave tells eye-opening tales of the wonders of Burmah, or Egypt, or East Africa, or even of the great Queen whom he has seen with his own eyes in London. Each little group sits round the huqá, the stem of which is passed from mouth to mouth, and as the evening comes on some of the men fetch out the simple bedsteads, and wrapping round them their coarse cotton sheet which does duty as cloak by day, they lie like shrouded corpses through the night till the first glimmering of the dawn.

Many of the chaupáls have no small architectural pretensions, and one may expect that the village church of the future will be a modification of these buildings. They are built of brick, plastered with fine hard lime plaster which takes a high polish, and is generally coloured red and white. The ordinary plan is a large raised platform approached by three or four steps and sometimes paved with small bricks, and with a fine tree in the centre and a low wall

<sup>1</sup> The Játs are very particular to marry outside their own family and generally take a bride from a distant village. There is none of that close intermarriage which seems to have so weakened the strain of our East-Anglian villagers.



on three sides, affording a good sitting place. On the fourth side is a building open to the platform with a large central space, the roof of which is supported on one large carved wooden column : on both sides there may be separate chambers, two stories high, with a triforium-like gallery passing round the three sides, and even a third story in a kind of tower approached by a flight of steps from outside. From this we may get a fine view of the country side and of the village itself beneath us with its mud and cow-dung plastered houses and courtyards of Homeric pattern in which men, women, children, and horned cattle live in close proximity, with here and there the more solidly built 'hawélí' of some pensioned officer or thriving baniya

The walls of the chaupál are covered inside and out with interesting frescoes portraying, in conventional rather than realistic style, scenes from the Hindu mythology, the churning of the sea with the huge serpent, the many-headed and many-handed Ráwan, enemy of Rám Chundra, or Krishna, the favourite incarnation, enchanter of men and animals with the ravishing strains of his flute, or (most common of all) Krishna seated in the boughs of a tree beneath which stand the shepherdesses, whom he has surprised bathing in the sacred stream, imploring him to return them their dresses which are suspended from the branches like gigantic bell-shaped flowers.

Or again there is a representation of that standing marvel of the rustic Indian mind, the locomotive engine with its long train of attendant carriages—the engine-god which even the 'Sahib lóg worship, for must they not make humble reverence to it by lowering the high-built signal before it will deign to glide with snake-like motion into the station. Natives too may make offerings of milk and sugar and clarified butter, accepted, nothing loth, by the attendant priest who controls the strange deity. Surely even Jaganath had no such car<sup>2</sup>. Or again there is a striking representation of the capture of a fort : the besiegers are swarming up ladders—or rather some portions of them are—the heads or arms severed from the trunks being suspended in mid-air some rungs behind them, while in the fort itself sits the Rajah with a grim smile of stolid indifference on his face. Again, we may see an Englishman seated in a chair smoking his pipe or an English lady walking out with her dog : and even, on one

<sup>1</sup> The English.

<sup>2</sup> A faqír was the first victim on the railway in this district, and he may have voluntarily offered himself up to be crushed, though the enquiry made only elicited the fact that the man was deaf and dumb.



chaupál, a 'pádri' with his Book, whose visit we are glad to see regarded as one of the regular village institutions of Ját-land.

Of course chaupáls differ in proportion to the wealth or poverty of the village, or group of households, responsible for their erection; some are nothing more than three mud walls and a thatch, whilst others have cost as much as 6,000 rupees. The masons employed are in nearly all cases Mahommedans. I know not how they reconcile the production of frescoes of Hindu divinities with the dictates of their own religion which prohibit any kind of picture or image; but the English-made idols and other accessories of worship which undoubtedly exist in India are a large beam for us to remove from our eye before we can with clear conscience rebuke them.

These chaupáls then are the first stronghold of Ját-land, for they are the meeting places of the men of the village. It is to them that we always turn our steps first, though they may be empty and then we must seek our audience at the village shop where the Baniya sits among his pots of ghi (clarified butter) and receptacles for flour and pickles and sugar, which he doles out in small quantities in exchange for the equivalent in cotton or other field produce or makes an entry in his voluminous ledger; hard, crafty-looking men are these banyas for the most part and often I find them wantonly insolent and offensive. But we can not look for much sweetness of character in one who is regarded as a common foe only to be tolerated because of his convenient wealth or stores of grain and who knows that his turbulent Ját creditors are quite ready, if opportunity offers, to murder him or to pillage his stores and carry off his ledgers. When travelling to out-villages to recover his debts you may see him attended by a little escort of men ready to defend him.

But we must not leave our village without noting what is the current opinion of ourselves and our message on the chaupál. First and foremost, we are to the average Ját murderers, since we take animal life, which is a sin or rather, to the Ját, sin, for this is the ordinary definition of sin I receive from Játs. How the Játs of Rohtak have become so imbued with this idea while holding so lightly to other religious precepts and observances of later Brahminism<sup>1</sup>, I know not: whether through Buddhism once being prevalent in the district, as it seems to have been, or in some other way, I leave to the future historian of the Játs to investigate and chronicle: it will perhaps be as hard a problem to solve as the origin of the Játs themselves. However this

<sup>1</sup> Many Brahmins and other Hindus are meat-eaters. I fancy it is especially the worshippers of Vishnu who abstain.

may be, it is at present (or is at any rate alleged by them to be) a great obstacle to their acceptance or even tolerance of Christian teaching and it is difficult to know how to meet it. Our native evangelists generally evade it by the statement that our religion in no way depends upon eating and drinking, and that if the Jâts become Christians they will not be obliged to eat meat. To this answer I entirely demur as it seems to me to be likely to confirm the enquirer in the opinion that he may profess Christianity without really entering the Christian brotherhood or sharing in the Holy Communion, where he will be partaking in company with those who do not abstain from flesh-food. And besides their position seems to involve so utterly false a conception of the relations between man and the lower animals in this world that I do not care to evade it, but try to convince them that God has placed man as His representative here and given him authority over the lives and liberties of the lower animals and has permitted the use of flesh-food, which cannot therefore be a sin. Their own view leads them into such hopeless inconsistencies and quibbles that it ought to be boldly faced and the difficulty if possible solved. For instance, it is a real kindness to free a conscientious Jât from the terrible dilemma of either leaving his whole crop to be destroyed by a swarm of young locusts because he must take no precaution to rid himself of the pest, or on the other hand of incurring the guilt of taking millions of lives as valuable in their Creator's eyes as his own.

A very great step will have been taken when the Jât has been convinced that he is something more and higher than an animal. He does already believe that he has God within him, but so, he thinks, have all the animals and the whole creation. There is no more pathetic statement than the often heard "ham passu hain," we are cattle, why do you talk to us about these things, which we cannot understand?

The fact that such a fine race as the Jâts have been left by Hinduism with all the higher part of their nature undeveloped, while races as naturally animal and less robust have been uplifted by our Faith, and set face to face with their true destiny, is to me far more conclusive than any decrees of a 'Parliament of Religions' could be, or even (though here I am treading on dangerous ground) than the patient and life-long studies of those who investigate the teaching of the sacred books of Hinduism. As far as I have been able to observe, the religions of India, whether Islam, Brahminism, or Jainism (to name those with which I have been brought into contact), are

hopelessly wanting in the *pastoral* spirit, however grand may be their proselytising zeal or power of religious and philosophic speculation; and all founders of religions are indeed, in comparison with our Lord, but "thieves and robbers." I know that in these days of wide tolerance and of laudations of Vedic Pantheism or the "noble monotheism" of Islam this will seem but the raving of a narrow-minded bigot.

It must be remembered that I am writing merely of popular forms of religion, not of book-religions—of religion, that is, as it has been absorbed by, and is exemplified in, the creed and life of the Brahmins and Jâts and Mahommedans and Jains of the Rohtak district, not those of Calcutta or Benares or Delhi or Mecca; and again that I am not out of harmony with the pronouncements of the recent Lambeth Conference.

I do not feel either mentally or spiritually strong enough to wrestle with the Hindu shastras with their metaphysical subtleties and floods of what, to a commonplace mind, would seem gross obscenities; and I would rather be set down as an ignorant bigot by the Pundit who despises me for my ignorance of Sanskrit than as a rival Pundit well-acquainted with all the weak places of the huge unwieldy structure of Brahminism, crowded as it may be like the architecture of this country with beautiful but incongruous details.

For the rest, the ordinary Jât seems as incapable as the Mahomedan of accepting the doctrine of the Sonship of our Lord, or, in many cases, of that of His miraculous birth, in spite of the Hindu belief in incarnations. I suppose that in both cases the first step would probably be to accept Him as a great and living prophet or gurú, as the moral teaching of our Lord rather than that about His Person *naturally* commends itself to those who are single-minded and will lead on to the other; though, of course, we must not let them have any doubt of our own belief in the eternal Sonship of our Lord from the very first. Again, the idea of Free Will and of individual responsibility for actions good or bad is alien to the ordinary Jât's methods of thought; and reasoning from his actual experience of mundane affairs in which an unseen ruler (the Queen) entrusts the government of this country to a number of lesser rulers and authorities, most of whom in the lower ranks are accessible to some form of bribery or cajolery, he infers the existence of many lesser deities to be propitiated in like manner in things spiritual: he has a firm belief in the sin-cleansing and other supernatural properties of Ganges water, a ceremonial reverence for the cow,

which yet does not keep him from selling her to the butcher or starving her while feeding up her larger milk producing rival, the buffalo, and lastly a profound distrust of the Brahmin, who in return regards him as a creature incapable of spiritual or intellectual effort.

But now to turn to our second, and alas! almost unassailed stronghold—the home, where the Játaní<sup>1</sup> holds sway. To sing the praises of the Játaní is no difficult task. Industrious and sturdy she shares with the men in all the field work except the actual ploughing. From toddling, naked childhood the care of cattle is familiar to her: later, like her English congener, she takes charge of the baby and carries the mid-day meal to the men in the field, or sitting aloft on the “crow’s-nest” scares the birds from the ripening crops and develops her muscles by the use of the sling and clay pellets. It is her task to draw the household water from the well and tank, and of course she is a mistress of cookery. She is no unskilful needlewoman, neatly embroidering the mystic symbol which nearly resembles the cross on her husband’s coarse doublet, or covering with little tree-like devices her own voluminous blue petticoat or terra-cotta coloured shawl—the familiar ‘phulkári’ work often met with in Anglo-Indian drawing-rooms. In later years she seems to confine herself to strictly household duties and to the charge of the young wives of the joint-family household, whom she rules with a rod of iron and a scathing tongue. Shrewd common sense is hers, and she is able to administer an estate or to drive a hard bargain; fearless, she is not careful to veil her face, nay boldly salutes the Englishman and without shyness gives him needed information or points out the way. Occasionally I have glimpses of her in her well-ordered home, and there reigning among brass pots and pans that shine like gold, plying her spinning-wheel, or keeping a watchful eye on the milk boiling for the manufacture of ghi, beloved alike by the gods and the rotund baniya, and one of the staple sources of the wealth of Ját-land, she bids me a kindly welcome, expresses a warm desire for a visit from the missionary ladies when they come to Rohtak, and seals her friendly overtures by the gift of a draught of somewhat smoky-tasting hot milk presented in a flat brass saucer, to which she has added a little country-sugar and stirred the mixture with a bony fore-finger. But alas! such welcomes are rare: for the Játaní is a strict upholder of the worship of the lesser, and especially the female, divinities of the

<sup>1</sup> Játaní is the feminine of Ját.



Hindu Pantheon, and she looks on us as the enemies of all this picturesque religion with its pleasant pilgrimages and gatherings at local shrines. She is a good friend of the wandering Jogi, whose alms-bowl or bag she gladly replenishes with a good handful of the coarse flour her own hands have ground in the mill. In the spring-time she goes with her children on pilgrimage, stowed away in the long waggon, with the sturdy husbands and brothers trudging at the side, to the shrine of the goddess of smallpox or to the 'mélas' held at noted shrines or tombs of departed sádhus; if childless she visits them to pray for a child and afterwards may present her first babe to the monastery where her vows have seemed to be effectual. The Holi too (the Hindu Saturnalia) is for her an occasion of unrestrained licence and she goes round (as our own ploughmen in female attire used to do on Plough Monday) levying black-mail and indulging in rude horse-play: to meet a gang of sturdy Játnís on such pleasure bent is so formidable that my rule is to visit Mahomedan villages only at that time; but even so I have narrowly escaped a drenching with dirty water when venturing near the quarter where the low-caste Hindus live.

When the refining and uplifting influences of the Gospel have been grafted on her natural sturdy and vigorous qualities, how truly noble a woman, and mother of how sturdy and God-fearing a yeomanry, our Játní will become.

And now for the last stronghold of Ját-land, the monasteries and outlying 'cells' of the great Kánphárah sect<sup>1</sup> of mendicants or of the Ghmitdásis, Dadupanthis and others. The sect of the Kanphárah was founded by one Mast Náth about 100 years ago. The name describes one of their peculiarities, the ears being pierced for large earrings of glass or metal or wood. The monastery, a large and fine group of buildings, is situated on the Delhi high-road about four miles from Rohtak. The reigning Abbot or Mahant seems to be a man of exceptional powers both of business capacity and of reforming zeal. I find him very friendly and have heard that he is favourably disposed to Christianity, though he has never confessed as much to me. He exercises a great influence in the district, and Játs have told me that they would listen to my message from his lips. Of the wandering brothers themselves I cannot form a high opinion: in many cases addicted to the use of injurious and besotting drugs, lazy and

<sup>1</sup> A visit to the mother-house of this sect has been described by Mr Allnutt in the July number of the *Delhi Mission News*.

luxurious, they settle down in the villages or wander from place to place, spreading their habits among the Jâts who resort to them and are only too willing to wait upon them hand and foot. They are either somewhat 'nice' in their dress, spending many hours in bathing and the pleasures of the toilet (it is amusing yet sad to see the care with which one of them will arrange his huge 'chignon,' or point his moustache, or give a finishing touch to his appearance by the addition of a mark of coloured clay on the forehead, as a lady of the olden time might affix a 'patch' near her best feature), or else they are almost naked, and with bodies smeared over with ashes. In either case they can scarcely be regarded as anything but a grave incubus upon the people, who maintain them in utter idleness, though they may have been instrumental in keeping alive the idea of charity among the Indian people. Very few can read, and most, when questioned as to the mysteries of their craft, confess that the beginning and end of it all is begging. And yet among them are some few simple-minded and apparently really religious men, free too from the terrible pride and arrogance which is a common characteristic, and in some of those who are given to self-torture seems absolutely Satanic. I have come across some Mahants of flourishing communities who make a profitable business of money-lending, and are as fat and prosperous as any baniya. Of those I have come in contact with, the members of the Dadupanthis sect seem the best.

I will end with one word as to the methods that one might expect to be successful in assailing and capturing for Christ these three strongholds.

The chaupál is, I believe, only to be effectually assailed by carefully-trained Ját evangelists of simple and earnest faith, who will travel from village to village, staying for a few days at each chaupál, and shewing in spoken word and in action the realities of our faith and its adaptation to the needs of simple villagers: their visits to be supplemented by our own, necessarily shorter and with a less close personal contact with the people.

The home too we must hope to see reached in some way by Indian Christian female-evangelists, though I do not know whether any Mission can point to such, and by similar supplementary visits by English lady-missionaries, medical and evangelistic, stationed at Rohtak.

Lastly, the faqírs one might expect to be won by the exhibition of some type of true Christian community life. But these are dreams.

The reality as I have seen and experienced it during these first three years of outpost duty is far otherwise. And yet the more I see of the work the more important it seems to me, and the more full of hope for the future. Our own efforts are utterly insufficient, and the present Christian community looks very unlike the germ of a great Church. But God brings wonderful results out of very unworthy and seemingly inadequate means, and I believe we are supported by many fervent prayers. I hope that Cambridge men and women who may read this all too rambling and discursive Occasional Paper will strive to take and to spread a real intense personal interest in this and other departments of the work of the Cambridge Mission to North India.

THE MISSION HOUSE, ROHTAK,  
*All Saints' Day, 1897.*



## OCCASIONAL PAPERS

*already published.*

1. *Letter from Mr BICKERSTETH* (April, 1879).
2. *Letter from Mr BICKERSTETH* (Sept. 1881).
3. *Higher Education at Delhi*, by Rev. Dr WESTCOTT (1882).
4. *Religious Influence in Mission Schools*, by Mr LEFROY (1883).
5. *Indian Muhammedans*, by Mr BICKERSTETH (1883).
6. *Two Cold-Weather Tours*, by Mr CARLYON (1884).
7. *The Leather-Workers of Daryaganj*, by Mr LEFROY (1884).
8. *Account of Work*, by Mr CARLYON (1885).
9. *Report of London Meeting in May*, 1885.
10. *Educational Work in 1885*, by Mr ALLNUTT (1886).
11. *Mission Work in the Rohtak District*, by Mr HAIG (1887).
12. *Mission Work in India*, by Mr LEFROY (1887).
13. *India's Religious Needs*, by Mr ALLNUTT (1888).
14. *My First Two Years in Delhi*, by Mr KELLEY; with  
*St Stephen's College and School*, by Mr WRIGHT (1888).
15. *Christ, the Goal of India*, by Mr LEFROY (1889).
16. *General Review of Work since 1881*, by Mr LEFROY (1890).
17. *Hostel, Boarding-House, and College*, by Mr WRIGHT (1890).
18. *Work among Jâts of the Rohtak district*, by Mr CARLYON (1891).
19. *Account of Opening of New College Buildings*, Dec. 8, 1891.
20. *Higher Education at Delhi*, by the BISHOP OF DURHAM (1892).
21. *Mahomedanism, its strength and weakness*, by Mr LEFROY.
22. *Present Needs of Christian Education*, by Mr ALLNUTT (1894).
23. *The Christian Boys' Boarding House*, by Mr KELLEY (1895).
24. *Indian Christians*, by Mr S. A. C. GHOSE (1896).
25. *Reminiscences of Two Years at Delhi*, by Mr FOXLEY (1896).

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